## The Luck of The Northern Mail

Story of a Runaway Boy and a Runaway Train.

By Alvah Milton Kerr

The boy hesitated, twisting and rolling up his hat in embarrassment, "I'm not a tramp, missus. I'm a thief-that is, they charged me with stealin' money that I didn't steal, an'-an' I'm trying to get away," he stammered. "I ain't got a cent, an' I ain't had anything to eat since yisterday mornin'.

I don't like to beg, but— but—"
"Mercy!" exclaimed the woman. "You

The youth approached and sank he hastily scraped back some of the down upon the porch steps.

boy stirred restlessly. "No. thank yeh, I ain't—I ain't so very clean," he said. "I'd ruther set here."

The woman's face softened as she turned and entered the house. Pres-ently she returned, bringing several Sorre

world of gratitude and eagerness in his voice, then suddenly fell to eating in not err. wild, half-famished fashion. The wo-man, mercifully, did not look at him, dishes on a chair, and again herself. "Did you come through Borpee?" she inquired, a smile hovering

'Yes: that's Borpee."

"Yes, I come through it. I didn't stop long," in a rueful tone. that the railroad must stop all trains at Borpee, on account of the town havin' give 'em the right of way. So the

the trains and they have a great time. in the face, an' I had to let go.'

" and his soiled fingers clenched involuntarily.

"It's mean as—as dirt," said the wo-man, hotly, "What might be y'r name?" "Saul Banks. The boys back in Painter district used to call me Sorrel, 'cause my hair's red.'

'Tain't so very red," said the woman,

A flush came into the youth's freck-led, dusty face. "No, on'y sometimes elons or apples t' eat, jus' for fun. brakes! The drawheads crashed to-

Sorrell hesitated a moment, that was money," he said. "I Sime Saucer, 'bout my age an' size. Him an' me run together all the time. Bout two weeks ago Mr. Young, the ranch man, was goin' t' pay the men off, an' brought a lot of money out from the bank—three or four hundred dollars, I guess. That night somebody stole it. They suspected Sime au' me, stole it. They suspected Sime au' me, and Sime he lit out, but the sheriff nabbed me, an' tuck me over to a town on the railroad, an' jugged me. The jail wasn't much account, though, and the second night I got out and made tracks for California. I've got this far. I want t' get down t' Aunt Lucy's Dut I don't know; I s'pose the sheriff'il be there watchin' for me." He ended with a note of hopelessness in his voice. "Did the folks at the ranch know strings. With a lurch the caboose others did, too. I'm goin', anyhow.
The next moment course, the bend.
The made up my mind." He rose stiff

Ye made up my mind." He rose stiff

Quivering from head to foot, he got fly to his feet. "I'm much obliged to you, missus. I was mighty hungry."

He started toward the gate.
"Wait jus' a minute," said the woman, hastily rising and entering the Sorrell stood fidgeting. After a little time the good soul returned, in her hand some bread and butter and pickles

and meat, tied up in a clean handker-When the vittles are gone you an have the handkerchief." she sail

he turned, and awkwardly took off his hat. "I'm much obliged. I'll tell Aunt Eucy how-how good yeh was," he said. "Good-by. Take keer of yourself,"

frack, a fugitive from the law, but hap-pier than he had been for days. Near seemed to be no one in charge. "I reckon the train don't stop here." he said wearily, and after a moment's rest plodded onward. Twilight descended, purple and shadowy, and slowly merged into darkness. He sat down and took some food from the handkerchief and ate it: then stumbled onward again.
"I must find a place where the trains he kept saying to himself, and

pushed onward. At last he came to a strip of benchland, a sidetrack, and long ricks of corded wood. "Here's where trains corded wood. "Here's where trains wood up." he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and crept in behind a rick and laid down to wait. He was dead tired, and despite all his efforts to beat back the numbing tide of sleep, its soft waves flowed over and engulfed him. Presently he sat up with a thrill of fear and expectation; a train was

Solice, sunburned and gray with dust, he reluctantly entered the gate leading to a small house not far from the railway. A gray-haired woman, bending over some sewing, sat woman, bending over some sewing, sat woman, bending over some sewing, sat woman, bending over some sewing of flat cars loaded with something that looked like a mixture of something that looked l The woman started, looked was a stubby caboose, its red and up and peered hard at him over her glasses. "We don't want any tranps round here," she said, in dry, severe standing on the front steps of the ca The rear brakeman was going forward.

"Look out for hoboes, Jim," shouted the conductor. "If you see any of 'em trying to get on, just paralyze 'em!"
Nevertheless, when Sorrel had noted
the conductor's withdrawal into the caboose, and had listened a moment to the men plugging the wood into the engine tender, he crept around the end do look weak and awful petered out. Of the rick and up into one of the flat cars. Sinking prone on his stomach "Come up an' set on a cheer," said of the woman, "an' I'll get you somethin' into the depression and the woman, "an' I'll get you somethin' into the depression and the woman, "an' I'll get you somethin' into the depression and the woman, "an' I'll get you somethin' into the depression and the woman into the woman into the depression and the woman into the wo stuff. After a little time the mogul roared "off brakes," the couplings clanked sharply, and the train jarred and rumbled away through the echoing

Sorrel, lying snugly and, save for his dishes of food. "I'll jest set 'em before you here on the steps," she said. "I mealy matter, smiled and whispered. reckon you'll enjoy things best that "I'm all right. This must be a train of 'Oh, missus—" the poy began, a low grade ore goin' down t' the reduction works in California, or somewhere else;" in which apprehension Sorrel did

After a time Sorrel's busy thoughts but continued her sewing. When the wayfarer had finished she placed the through the rough couch, wading through the yielding mass of crushe. volcanic rock toward the caboose, but without dreaming that a human being lay almost under his feet. Hours The town about two miles back passed, and finally the tired fugitive awoke. They were still in the mountains; but while he slept the train had made its way out of one mountain district, had traversed the valley of the The woman laughed. "I reckon you didn't," she said. "It's awful the way they treat tramps up t' town. You see, the town board had a fuss with the railroad. They passed an ordinance that the railroad must stop all trains stope, and langed into a dore.

When Sorrel awoke again he saw a world of mountain tops below him, in' give 'em the right of way. So the railroad company got up a scheme to make the town sick of its bargain by bringin' every tramp from the north that they could get hold of an' dumphia to hold and they could get hold an an' dumphia to hold and they could get hold an an' dumphia to Sometimes He could see the top of the cab and in' 'em out in Borpee. Sometimes He could see the top of the cab and there's a hundred put off the train the smokestack of the mogul swaying there at one time, folks say. The town folks try to make the tramps stay on the trains and they have a great time."

Softly. Evidently they had passed over the summit, for the speed of the train was momentarily dicreasing. He won-I understand now," said the youth. | dered where they were. Had he known That's why the trainmen was good to and could he have foreseen what lay me all the way from Portland an' then kicked me off at that town. I tried t' his hand into the handkerchief and cauget back on but one of 'em kicked me tiously drawn forth a piece of meat and the face, an' I had to let go."
Is that how you got that bruised fully the while of its gray-haired giver. The meat tasted sweet in his mouth. "Wish I had a mother like her," he mumbled. "Wonder how Aunt Lucy looks? Hope she's good."

The downward inclination of the "Back in Wisconsin. It's a school district in the country. It's most all woods there." A wistful look came into his eyes.
"Yr people live there?"
"Not many now—on'y an uncle."
"You have a synthesis of the Klamath, and began to climb away to mount the base of snow—any father and mother live?"
"I aim't got any, they're dead."
"Long?"
"Since I was 5 or 6 years old. They was—was burned in a big forest fire, back there."
But you didn't steal?" queried the yound, looking at him over her glasses.

A flush came into the youth's freek-Suddenly there came a pealing roar

from the mogul, a wild shout

gether along the train and involuntarily Most boys do that, yeh know."
"Yes, but you was charged with stealin' somethin' else, you said."
gether along the train and involuntarily Sorrel jumped to his feet. The train was rounding a shattered shoulder of "I run off ing for the track had been blasted from Uncle Reuben's early this spring, from the rock. On the left a splintered an come west. I wanted to get to Aunt wall of stone swept upward; on the Lucy's—she's mother's sister, an' lives right, the ground fell downward, thick down at Sacramento, in California— with pines and the strewn debris of the an' so I got to St. Paul an' beat my blasting. Not fifty feet ahead of the way over the railroad out into Wash-I went t' work on a wheat ranch up in the Palouse country t' get money t' pay my way down the coast to Aunt Lucy's. There was a lot of men work-in' on the ranch an' one young feller. in' on the ranch, an' one young feller, sime Saucer, 'bout my age an' size. smokestack, sand chest, whistle: beil size. smokestack, sand chest, whistle, beil about y'r wantin' t' go to Sacramento?" whirled half way round, fell upon its "Sime did, an' mebbe some of the hers did, too. I'm goin', anyhow.

The next moment Sorrel lost sight of it

to his feet and looked round him. On the right the mountainside swept downward by gentle slopes and sharp plunges for seemingly the distance of a half-mile; on the left it towered uprushing along a descending groove in the mountainside. With a cold thrill turned her down the mountain," of fear and horror he realized that he whispered, hoarsely. "I s'pose to was alone on the runaway train. Smoke was pouring from the hole in kindly: "and here's a little money. It's torn off, a white and hissing plume of the engine where the stack had been and all were roaring headlong, entirely without control. "I must git offen

With staring eyes he climbed over "You'd best take it; you'll need it," she said the sideboard, looking wildly for and most of the others were panting.

"No. I'm all right," he replied, and started hastily toward the gate. There among the rocks," he half whispered.

"I was hunting for that boy," said "I better stay here."

But a moment later he saw a long dump of dirt and gravel, and dropping his body low over the sideboard flung aid the woman.

Sorrel trudged southward along the rack, a fugitive from the law, but hap-Sorrel trudged southward along the track, a fugitive from the law, but happier than he had been for days. Near sundown he came to a little box-like station in a narrow gulch, but there the track. In his excitement he turned the track. In his excitement he turned the track. feet among some bushes fifty feet from the track. In his excitement he turned and made directly up the dump, dig-ging his toes in the shaly mass and gasping for breath. In a few moments he was on the track, brushing the dirt from his mouth and eyes.

Some of them fellers must a' been killed back there," he panted; then suddenly held his breath and listened. He could still hear the doomed train following the great groove downward. As he turned about ex-citedly his mind in a maze of emotions and half formed purposes, he saw the cuts and fills and shining rails of a track on the mountainside below him.

his pulses seemed to stop. "That run-away train'll go plumb through that passenger," he gasped. "It'll never leave a thing of 'em on the track." The imperiled train was possibly two miles distant, but seen through the clear mountain air it looked much nearer. It was the Northern Mail. scheduled to meet the train the mogul was pulling at the spur on the mountainside. The ore train would reach, the spur in time, but the hand whose function it had been to close the mogul's throttle was lifeless now, and the brakeman who had expected to throw the switch was lying among the rocks with a gashed forehead and a broken

Sorrel stood still a moment, all unconscious of the glory of morning on the mountain heights, and the vast panorama spreading away from his curving and straightening, glinting and hiding and reappearing, as it climbed toward the summit, enthralled him. A burning flight of awful things swept beauteous scene would darkee with unspeakable tragedy. The mon-ster mogul would crush through the oncoming train and hurl everything into ruin. A hundred happy human beings would be rent and battered in the grind and crush and rail and rock would be reddened with blood. Like one break dream, Sorrel

breaking from a horrible

dream, Sorrel suddenly started, paused hesitatingly, then plunuged down the gravelly slope into the woods. His freckled face looked white, his dust-rimmed eves were wide and glowing. "If I can only git down to that spur in time an' can git the switch open," he was saying, as he lunged through fallen tree-tops and over bowlders and down shelving breaks. He seemed in consternation; he had all but rushed over the edge of break which dropped sheer downward for apparently fifty feet. It looked as if he might step from the edge directly into the tops of the pines below. With a strange, whining cry he ran along the bring of the precipice, looking wildly for some place where he might descend. He wasted only a few seconds in the search; then flung himself over the dege and began hurriedly, working his way downward, clinging to vine and bramble and ledge as he went. In his heart burned so hot a haste, the need of speed was so great, the responsibility that lay upon him was so overwhelming, he could not be careful. Suddenly his feet slipped, his clinging fingers jerked the vine-growth from the rocks and he whirled backward into space. The unconscious cry which springs of mortal terror had scarcely left his throat when he felt himself strike and a dizzying pain shoot through his frame. He grasped some object and turned himself! he was Langing in the fork of a tree! Instantly he pulled himself loose and slipped-rapidly to the ground. Here he found the wood more open and the railroad track in track was very pronounced. For thirty miles ahead of the train there was a continuous fall, a tremendous whip-

"But you didn't steai?" queried the woman, looking at him over her glasses.

A flush came into the youth's freck
A flush came into the youth's freckin a storm of noise. Some of the upper works of the huge engine were lying along the boiler top and she looked like some mighty animal rushing for-ward with ears laid back in rage. Sorward with ears laid back in rage. Sor-rel drew further away, bending almost double, his mouth white and puckered, his eyes starting. With deafening roar the engine and train rushed on to the spur. Nothing short of a solid mountain wall seemed capable of stopping these unbridled bolts of force. The bunting post at the end of the spur was swept away like a reed and the whole train, led by the great ram, went headlong down the sloping mountain

> Should Sorrel Banks live a thousand years he would not forget that spectacle. Trees leaped from their roots, great spurts of ore-bearing stone shot into the air, about the mogul whirled a chaos of broken things, a cracking thunder followed it. Sorrel bent forward, gasping, speechless. Down, down the train plunged, cutting through everything, until, a quarter of a mile away, he saw the mogul leap clear of the earth, and, streaming fire from her open furnace door, turn once in the air, and then he heard her fast with an appalling crash at the bottom of a can-yon. A number of cars leaped upon her, some rolled over sidewise near the brink. Then silence fell.

Sorrel, pale and laboring for breath, turned toward the track. The Northern mail stood not 200 feet south of hin A dozen men were running towards nim. He turned round and round; he seemed somewhere in a horrible dream. The engineer of the mail was first to

"Tell us! What's going on here?" he Sorrel stood, bending forward, his hands clutching his side. His twisted mouth worked dryly; his poor, soiled clothes were sadly torn; his hands and whispered, hoarsely. "I s'pose that han'kerchief with th' bread an' meat in

it went down there, too. I didn't get He turned his glazing eyes around at ail I got in the house jus' now, or I'd steam spurted from the whistle pipe, the wondering men, put one of his give you more. I hope they won't never find you."

torn on, a winte and missing plante of the wondering men, put one of his the cars rocked and battered together hands to his throat, and suddenly plunged forward upon his face. The don't want the money," he said, huskily. "I couldn't take that. But I'd like
the vittles, for—for I was awful hun
and all were roanting neurons.

"I must git offen blue-coated conductor pushed through the crowd, followed by the sheriff from and round. "First thing I know it'll jump the track an' go down the moun
youth crept from his lace. The blue-coated conductor pushed through the crowd, followed by the sheriff from his hiding place on the forward truck of the mail car and came upon the track. The conductor and most of the others were panting.

"I was hunting for that boy," said the sheriff. "I've been down to Sacramento: eouldn't find him and was com-

The conductor of the ore train, hat-less, white-faced, and with a dangling

The pale fellow looked wildly about "Some one throwed the switch then. I was trying to get here to do it.

She's gone down the mountain! I'm
glad of that, I expected t' find you ali
killed. A rock slipped out of Twiller Head and tore the top works of the engine off and wrecked the caboose. Several of the boys hurt-maybe killed. I didn't wait to see. Who turned the

witch? "That boy lying there." "Why, that's the young hobo that was hid in the slack. I told Jim not to listurb him." The conductors looked

are you ready to go back and tell where the money is?"
Sorrel stared, running his blood blotched fingers through his tumbled

hair.
"Yeh needn't bother him," voice at the sheriff's elbow. "I got the money here, every cent of it. I'm tak-ing it back to Mr. Young."
"Well, if it ain't Sime!" said Sorrel,
a smile lighting his ashen face.

"Yes, I found out they was after you Sorrel, so I brung the money back. didn't want it nohow; I'd rather work I've beat my way and rid on Sorrel's heart and take it from him; the trucks ruther 'en spend it. Here his pulses seemed to stop. "That run-

Investigation disclosed the fact that Sorrel had a pair of broken ribs, but never was a prince cared for, with greater tenderness. He completed his journey to Sacramento in a Pullman sleeper, and found Aunt Lucy a "good Today he holds an enviable position in the employ of the great railway system in whose interest he displayed such masterly courage that g when he saved the Northern

Copyright by S. S. McClure Co. WHEN A MAN SHOPS.

It's All Off With Him So Far As Loose Change is Concerned.

(Washington Star.) "When once a man learns the sizes of all the things his wife wears," said a Washington department store floor-walker, "he's 'in bad,' as the sports say. When he learns all of her sizes he becomes enamored of his ability as a shopper for her, and once a married man gets into that condition it's all off with him of ar as ever having any loose change is into that condition it's all off with him so far as ever having any loose change is soncerned. The women, of course, are foxy enough to encourage their husbands at this proxy shopping busmess. In fact, a lot of wives deliberately train their husbands at that sort of thing. She says to him, for instance, as he s starting for the office, that she wants a pair of gloves to wear that evening, but that she really doesn't feel like going down town for them. Won't he please get them for her? He asks her the size and she writes it down on a slip of paper.

The man walks up to the glove counter of the first store he reaches and says to the girl:

the girl:
"'I want a pair of white kid gloves," "I want a pair of white kid gloves,' naming the size.

"About what price?' the girl inquires, knowing perfectly well that a man would rather get run over by a milk wagon than look lige a 'piker' before a shop girl.

"Oh. I want the good stuff,' the man says, in that offhand, I'm-no-cheap-individual way, and the girl flashes a pair of \$3 white kid gloves on him.

"They look all right,' says the man, picking the gloves up and pretending to know something about them by the way he inspects the seams, 'How much do they set me back?"

"Three,' says the girl, and the man produces the three and takes the gloves.

they set me back?"
"Three, says the girl, and the man produces the three and takes the gloves.
"I guess I'm kind of poor when it comes to that shopping thing, the man says to his wife when he tosses the gloves into her lap that evening. Kind of common, ornery looking gloves, that pair, yes?"

mon. ornery looking gloves, that pair, yes?

"His wife undoes the bundle and holds the gloves out before her enthusiastically.

"Why, where in the wide world did you get such bee-yu-ti-ful ones?' she asks him, while he swells up with pride. 'Why, you extravagant old thing, you. They couldn't have cost you a penny less than \$5-imported, you know. Why, you reckless old love,' and then he stands grinning elately while he's getting hugged.

"And that's the way many a married man puts his head into the noose, There isn't anything easier in this life than for a married woman to fan her husband into a flame of self-admiration, and when she gets him nudged along that way as to his cleverness at the shopping business for her it's about all over with him. He'll stand a tap any old day for the joy of having his wife throw up her hands estatically over the gear he's picked out for her.

"When he gets to know all her sizes, as he does in time, he's in worse than

'rubbers,' and begins to figure on the size of his bank roll.

"Eighteen bucks for that waist, en? he says to himself, 'Why, that is like throwing a brick through the window and stealing it—cheap as dirt. Believe I've got \$22 in my pantaloons now, and I guess I wouldn't make a hit for myself if I'd walk in and toss that waise at the wife. Just her color at that. Let's see, she wears a thirty-six waist,' and then nine times out of ten he bolts into the store and gets the waist, even if the giving up of the \$18 \text{ entails a number of genuine sacrifices on his part, just for the sake of the applause he knows he will receive for his artistic taste. When, he carries the waist home his wife immediately calls in all the hearby women of her acquaintance and spreads the waist out and shows it to them and tells them that her husband picked it out all by his lonesome. The other women jolly the game along by declaring that the waist is just grand and gorgeous, and say that 'deed they wished their husbands would fetch things home that way, declaring, however, that they, the other husbands, never think of such a thing.

"The wife of the man trained thus far 

ever, that they, the other husbands, never think of such a thing.

"The wife of the man trained thus far gets him to design her gowns for her after she has got him thoroughly seasoned. She tells him that she has given up trying to arrange the details of pretty frocks for herself—his judgment is so infallitly superior to hers, and the things he has suggested have always attracted so much attention and approval. When a wife gets her husband to believing that be's a star dress designer his condition is hopless. There's no cure for him.

"She knows exactly what she wants,

There's no cure for him.

"She knows exactly what she wants, and by gradual stages, but making him believe all the time that he's doing it all himself, seh leads him around to expressing his preferences for exactly the thing she wants, and then it's all over. She

having designed it—the poor jay.
"I hate to say it, being a married man myself—but we're easy in the hands of our wives."

Unspeakable.

The two men on the street corner had been wrangling over politics for half an hour, and a crowd had gathered. One of them was fiercely denouncing imperialism. "What do you understand by impe rialism?" demanded the other. hear your idea of it."

"Imperialism, sir-imperialism is-say, do you think it ought to be spoken right out before these half-grown boys?"

Chicago Journal.)

"She is the stiffest, most unbending "How is that?"

"Why, she won" "Why, she won't even stoop to pick up an acquaintance."

Business.

(Houston Chronicle,)
'What business are you in?" asked the "Oh, I'm in the infant industry," replied the stork, "the long clothes line, you know?"

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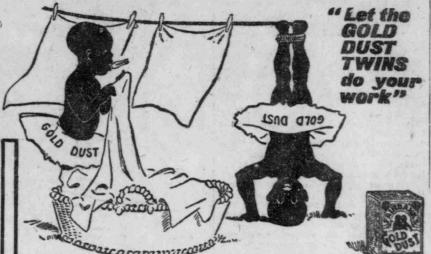
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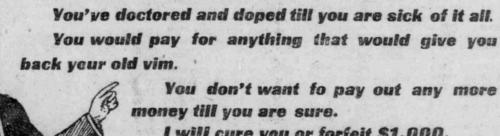
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And when you do pay me the cost is less than a short season of drugging, and how much more pleasant. You put my Belt on when you go to bed; you feel the soothing, exhilarating vigor flowing into your weak body, and while you sleep peacefully it fills you full of the fire of life. You wake up in the morning feeling like a giant.

Now, I can't cure everything. I don't claim to, and I won't take a case that I don't feel sure of, but all these troubles which, come from an early waste of vitality, from dissipation of any kind, from decay of nerve power, or from any organic, stomach, liver or kidney weakness, I can cure, and those are the cases I am willing to tackle.

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Park City, Utah.

Park City, Utah.

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That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and get it now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. While there's a chance to be husky and strong, to throw out your chest and look at yourself in the glass and say, "I'm a man," do it, and don't waste time thinking about it.

I've got a beautiful book full of good, honest talk about how men are made big and noble, and I'll send it to you free, sealed, if you'll send this ac.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 931 16th St., Denver, Colo.  LEGAT.

Assessment No. 10.

MAYFLOWER MINING COMPANY. Principal place of business, salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the above named company, held on the 1st day of October, 1904, assessment 10 of 10 per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding, payable immediately to the secretary at the company's office. room 207 Progress building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 3d day of November, 1904, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 19th day of November, 1904, at 2 p. m., at the company's office, to pay the delinquent assessment thereen, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale. JOHN CAMPBELLI, Secretary. Assessment No. 10.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the city council of Salt Lake City of the intention of such council to make the following described improvement, to-wit: Constructing a cement sidewalk, six feet wide and four inches thick, on the north side of Second South street, from Ninth East to Tenth East streets, in sidewalk district No. 4, and defray the cost and expense thereof, estimated at six hundred and thirty (\$630.60) dollars, or one and 5-100 (\$1.05) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment, upon Notice. one and 5-190 (31.05) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment upon the lots or pieces of ground within the following described district, being the district to be affected or benefited by said improvement, namely: The east 270 feet of lot 1, and all of lot 2, block 56, plat "B," Salt Lake City survey.

All protests and objections to the carrying out of such intention must be presented in writing to the city recorder on or before the 31st day of October, 1904, being the time set by said council when it will hear and consider such protests and objections as may be made thereto. By order of the city council of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated August 8th, 1904.

J. S. CRITCHLOW, City Recorder. Sidewalk Extension No. 74.

Delinquent Notice.

LOWER MAMMOTH MINING COMpany. Principal place of business. Salt Lake City. Utah. There are delinquent upon the following described stock. on account of assessment No. 10, levied Sept. 12, 1904, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

J. C. Kerr J. G. Hoeflich Miss Ruby Hoeflich . C. Kerr ..... I. G. Hoeflich Helen Freiberg

Miss Ruby Hoeflich
Otto Leiper
C. B. Durst, trustee.
Ruby Hoeflich Leopold Gruenebaum
James A. Pollock...
Julian Bamberger
W. J. Lawrence
M. S. Pendergast
M. L. Aron
H. H. Shilling
Edwin G. Woolley jr.
Patrick Mullins Patrick, Mullins Patrick Mullins Nannie Feder H. B. Cole Name Feder
H. B. Cole
Spencer Harwood
Patrick Mullins
J. C. Fox
W. C. Lewis
S. W. Reeder
J. R. Morgan
Walter C. Lewis
Sheets & Thompson
Herman Bamberger
David Morgan
Alfred Kalbfell
Charles Raresheid
William T. Mauldin
William T. Mauldin
Charles Raresheid
Alfred Kalbfell
Conrad Gelss
J. G. Hoeflich
Rose Rothschild
J. G. Hoeflich
Mrs. Barbara M. Kinnersly
Walter C. Lewis mersly Walter C. Lewis W. B. Segal .... L. Drake ... J. S. Ferris

Bamberger

Meyer & Joseph
J. A. Pollock & Co.
John B. McKim
George R. Smith
George R. Smith
George R. Smith
George R. Smith
John George R. Smith
J. Oberndorfer
J. Oberndorfer
J. Oberndorfer Oberndorfer Arthur M. Freiberg.

George R. Smith Freiberg ..... H. Shearman Hudson Sons & Co.
J. Oberndorfer
E. A. Hartenstein
George E. Dalton
E. A. Hartenstein
Mrs. Catharine Cody
J. Oberndorfer
J. Oberndorfer
Luce & Jennings
L. E. Bamberger & Co.
H. C. Hoffman
D. H. Peery, ir.

3565. H. C. Hoffman 140 7.00
3565. D. H. Peery, ir. 65 3.25
2567. W. H. Irvine & Co. 65 4.25
2569. H. C. Myers 55 3.25
2570. J. Oberndorfen 65 3.25
2571. Ralph Guthrie 65 3.25
2571. Ralph Guthrie 65 3.25
2572. W. B. Andrew & Co. 65 2.25
2579. J. A. Pollock & Co. 10 .50
And in accordance with law and the order of the board of directors, made the 12th day of September, 1904, so many of the shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, 161 South Main street. Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 4th day of November, 1904, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

of advertising and expense of sale.
R. C. CORDELL, Secretary. Notice. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE city council of Salt Lake City of the intention of such council to make the following described improvement, to-wir. tention of such council to make the following described improvement, to-wir.

Constructing a cement sidewalk, six feet wide and four inches thick, on the north side of Sixth South street, from State street to Second East street: on the west side of Second East street from Fifth South street to Seventh South street; on the north side of Seventh South street; on the north side of Seventh South street; and on the east side of State street from Sixth South street to Second East street; and on the east side of State street from Sixth South street to Seventh South street, in sidewalk districts Nos. 9, 16 and 20, and defray the cost and expense thereof, estimated at three thousand four hundred and sixty-five (33.465.00) dollars, or one and 5-100 (\$1.05) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment upon the lots or pieces of ground within the following described district, being the district to be affected or benefited by said improvement, namely:

Fronting on Sixth South street:

All of lots 1 and 2, block 35.

Fronting on Seventh South street:

All of lots 1, 6, 7 and 8, block 20.

Fronting on Seventh South street:

All of lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block 20.

Fronting on State street:

All of lots 4 and 5, block 20, plat "A,"

All of lots 1. 2, 3 and 4. block 20.
Fronting on State street:
All of lots 4 and 5, block 20, plat "A,"
Salt Lake City survey.
All protests and objections to the carrying out of such intention must be presented in writing to the city recorder on or before the 21st day of October, 1904, being the time set by said council when it will hear and consider such protests and objections as may be made thereto.
By order of the city council of Salt Lake City, Utah.
Dated September 12th, 1904.
J. S. Chitchlow, City Recorder.
Sidewalk Extension No. 75.